

The Tragedy

Enter *Queene*, Lord *Rivers* and *Gray*;

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his maiesty,
Will soone recouer h.s accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worke,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
and cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,

Qu. If he were dead what should beride of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blist you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minority
Is put in the trust of *Rich.* Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determind, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarry, Enter *Buck.* *Darby.*

Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby.*

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your maiesty ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby.*
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen:

Yet *Darby*, not withstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured.
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not beleue
The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby*?

Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speaks chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madam we did, He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of *Glocester* and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine*.

And

of Richard the Third.

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were wel, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. Enter *Glocester.*

Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it:

Who are they that complains vnto the King?

That I forsooth am sterne loue them not:

By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly

That fill his eares with such dissentious ruinours:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,

Smile in mens faces smooth deceiue and cog

Ducke with Frensh nods, and apish courtisie,

I must be held a rankerous enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,

But thus in simple truth must be abuse

By filken lie insinuating Iackes?

Ri. To home in this presence speaks your grace.

Glo. To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.

When I haue iniured thee, when done thee wrong,

Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague vpon you all. His royall person

(Whome God preserue better then you can wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complainrs.

Qu. Brother of *Glocester*, you mistake the matter:

The King of his owne royall disposition,

And not prouokt by any suter else,

Ayming belike a your interiour hatred,

Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,

Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:

Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather

The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That wrens way prey where eagles dare not pearch,

Since euery lacke became a Gentleman

There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come, come we know your meaning brother *Gloster*,

You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,

God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue neede of you,

Out